

# Nations of the East and West

**WISE MEN FROM THE EAST AND FROM THE WEST.** By Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Houghton Mifflin Company.

**PERSIA.** By Brig.-Gen. Percy Sykes. Oxford University Press (American Branch).

**SPEAKING OF THE TURKS.** By Mufti-Zade K. Zia Bey. Duffield & Co.

**CHILE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.** By L. E. Elliott. The Macmillan Company.

**MODERN ITALY.** By Tommaso Tittoni. The Macmillan Company.

**T**HOUGH there may have been a time when it was possible for the East to ignore the East and for the West to return the compliment by ignoring the West, that time has now passed forever, for modern methods of communication and transportation are daily making the human race more of a unit, are daily joining the most distant countries in a closed bond. The world is gradually growing more like a single intricate mechanism, each part of which is dependent for its successful operation upon all the other parts, and for this reason it becomes constantly more necessary for the student of contemporary affairs to know something of all countries.

The five books under review each represent an attempt to meet such a need. The most general in its nature, and in some respects the most valuable of the group, is Abraham Mitrie Rihbany's volume on "Wise Men from the East and from the West." Here we find a vivid and interesting comparison of Orient and Occident, an interpretation of the mind of the Easterner, an evaluation of his virtues and an explanation of his shortcomings. The Easterner, according to Mr. Rihbany, is essentially a dreamer and a visionary; his mind is largely occupied with ethical concepts and abstract philosophy; he has little interest in the material and temporal concerns of life, and is the born artist in his worship of the beautiful and the ideal. The typical Westerner, on the other hand, is a man of action rather than of thought; he is the explorer, the adventurer, the pathfinder, the warrior; he is dynamic rather than static, energetic rather than meditative, and, unlike his brother of the East, would rather discover a new continent than originate a new philosophy. But though the Easterner is more submissive to fate, more careless of individual freedom and more indifferent to forms of government than the Westerner, he has not contributed less than his share of the civilizing influences of the world, and a full development of human culture is to be expected in future only if the Occident and Orient join hands.

Two works that resemble Mr. Rihbany's book in dealing with the East are Gen. Sykes's discourse on "Persia" and Mr. Zia Bey's volume entitled "Speaking of the Turks." The former is a brief and therefore necessarily cursory history of Persia from the days of Xerxes and Darius until the present; the latter is an illuminating study of the Turks of to-day. The author, himself a Turk, reveals his fellow countrymen in a light that will be surprising to the average Occidental reader; he ridicules the newspaper idea that the Turk is a barbarian carrying a sword in one hand

and leading a harem by the other, and he makes it evident that the Turks are really a civilized and progressive people hampered by widespread misrepresentation. Even within the last few years they have made notable advances; the emancipation of woman has proceeded so far that unveiled ladies are now to be seen everywhere on the streets, and woman is even taking a conspicuous part in industry; in Constantinople there is an incessant bustling of commercial activity, conducted along the same lines as in the cities of Western Europe and America; and, though the population of the city is a cosmopolitan one and includes people from all over the world.

To turn from Mr. Zia Bey's book on Turkey to L. E. Elliott's volume on Chile is to travel nearly half way round the world, and to find one's self transported to

a country of glaciers and towering snow clad peaks, of entrancing blue lakes and of parched and scorching deserts, of wide sheep ranges, of olive groves, of vineyards and of orchards of plums and apples. The author outlines interestingly the history of Chile, describes the superb natural beauty of the land, discusses at some length its mining and agricultural resources, devotes considerable attention to its commerce, its finance and its systems of transportation, and concludes with chapters on the native races of Chile and on that mysterious and anomalous place called Easter Island, which offers an unanswered riddle to anthropologists.

The remaining book, Tommaso Tittoni's work on "Modern Italy," brings us into territory perhaps somewhat better known to the average American reader than is either

Chile or Turkey. This volume presents a general survey of the "intellectual, cultural and financial aspects" of the Italy of to-day; the author considers not only the contribution of the Italians to art, science, literature, jurisprudence and international law, but their economic doctrines, their labor question, and their immigration problem. The latter topic, in particular, will be of interest to the American reader; and what the author has to say on the subject is both vital and pertinent. "Emigration," he contends, "is a natural phenomenon just as much as the migration of birds"; accordingly, to interfere with immigration is to tamper with inexorable economic laws and to displace the normal relations between the nations; and only through unrestricted freedom of immigration can we effect "the reestablishment of normality of labor and of production in every country, and . . . a wider exchange of goods and thus insure a greater supply of the necessities of life."

## The District Attorney: His Temptations

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of a duty well performed which is said to be a rainbow to the heart, is apt to be the kind of a District Attorney who likes to start something for the advertising that there is in it or to oblige his editorial, social or political friends whether he can finish it or not. Toward the end of his term of office, provided he be a candidate for reelection, there is likely to be a great flurry of activity. The papers teem with stories of vice trusts and conspiracies to impede the administration of the laws; the big bosses acquire a sudden consuming thirst for spring water and absent themselves from their customary haunts; the Dock Commissioner, the Fire Commissioner and all the other commissioners tremble in their swivel chairs; even the Mayor's countenance is all sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought; the Grand Jury is in secret session, and its members wear an air of mystery; our local St. George, our Galahad, our Launcelot, is getting busy! Stand from under! Very often there are indictments; frequently not. Generally the voice that follows after the wind, the earthquake and the fire is a very small and still voice indeed. Perhaps it is not the Lord's voice at all but only a ventriloquist's! Even if there is an indictment the victim is usually some sparrow rather than the elephant at which the political hunter's blunderbuss was aimed. And if the elephant is in fact indicted the chances are that he will be let go again. Indeed, it is to be suspected that a mere indictment no longer carries with it the proper stigma of guilt and that political defendants, at any rate, are actually—as well as theoretically—presumed innocent until the contrary is proved.

### The Inherited Limes.

Almost any newly elected District Attorney inherits a large crop of "lemons" (most of them "Assmanhausens," as above described) from his predecessor.

Even if he is politically 100 per cent. pure, a prosecutor cannot help having something put over on him once in a while; even the wisest and best make mistakes, and there are always Judases and jackasses among the half hundred assistants who play him false or play him foolish.

By the end of his official term there have inevitably accumulated from natural, if not from artificial, or other causes several quintals of indictments impossible to try and equally inconvenient to dismiss. You can always tell one of these at any distance, owing to its colorado wrapper and swollen filler. Dozens of deputies have weighed the same witnesses in the same legal balances and found them wanting. Each has committed his findings neatly to foolscap and signed his name thereto, recommending that the case be cast out into the drought. Yet no one, not even the District Attorney himself, has had the nerve to do it for fear of the gnashing of teeth that will inevitably follow such a course. So the dusty bundle is sent back to the chief clerk's office, to be carried over as "undisposed of" to the account of the next incumbent. "Let George do it!" is a favorite motto in the local

Criminal Courts Building of every large city.

If a District Attorney has been playing politics and has found indictments for mere effect, without any intention of trying them, based on outlandish and forgotten statutes, or distorted applications of familiar ones, or "on general principles" in lieu of proper legal evidence, he usually does nothing about them until after the election in which his own fate is determined. If he loses, he doesn't care what happens to them. His opponent will dismiss them fast enough. If he wins—well, he has won, hasn't he? Some day he will slip into court when the press boys are across the street, and "recommend" that the wretched bugbears be dismissed. It is curious how rarely these legal chickens—in the shape of unjustified indictments—come home to roost. They can almost always be "shooed" away. There is generally just enough that is malodorous about the subject matter of the charge to cause the accused, however unfairly treated, to prefer silence to publicity—to be glad to have the whole thing hushed up rather than to demand a trial.

And then, oh, then! there are the "tough nuts," the hard technical cases that nobody wants to handle because they will take so long to try—weeks often; involve looking up a lot of law, bring no prestige or kudos in the winning and yet much odium and recrimination if lost. These are the "commercial" cases, arising out of fraudulent bankruptcies, obtaining money or goods by false pretenses or by means of dishonest representations as to credit. Nobody loves them, nobody wants to be the goat, so everybody finds reasons why they should not be tried, and once such indictments are found, they linger on unheralded and unsung, a fruitful source of annoyance to the next "D. A." who enters office—usually on a wave of enthusiasm born of his promises that he is going to get after the "big fellows" and intends to stamp out commercial and financial dishonesty.

There is no space here to catalogue all the varieties of these abandoned derelicts, drifting aimlessly in the doldrums of disinclination, or becalmed on the Sargasso Sea of official neglect. But they are the bane of every District Attorney. He will have enough changelings of his own, without taking to his bosom the bastards of his predecessor. So the first thing the newly elected "D. A." does is to assemble in a huge pile all these illegitimate children of crime and distribute them around the office with instructions to "investigate and recommend for dismissal all cases that should not be tried." Out they go! "George" does it! And "George" says most emphatically that it isn't his fault, and that those indictments never ought to have been found in the first place—which saying is apt to be true.

### Horning In on the Big Cases.

From the foregoing it may be inferred that there is a wide choice in the selection of cases to be tried. If the "D. A." is a would-be orator, or fancies himself as a trial advocate, or is looking for publicity for political reasons, he takes the pick of the lot himself. If he isn't, the question of who is to prosecute the "star" cases is often a fertile source of jealousy and ill feeling among his subordinates. Fortunate the

"D. A." who has on his staff one trial assistant so preeminently able that as a matter of course he takes, whenever necessary, the chief prosecutor's place as the advocate of the people. In ancient days rival assistants would resort to every sort of huggermuggery to get possession and control of cases likely to attract public attention. One excellent method was somehow to work one's way into a case in the beginning and stay there, refusing to surrender one's prior rights, even to an older and perhaps better man; another was to invoke a gentle diplomacy which might induce the right person to "ask" that a particular assistant should be "assigned" to try the case. It is no small task for the "D. A." to keep peace in his official family, and it requires skill to keep all the official noses properly in joint. There have been occasions when assistants who had quarreled over some case never spoke to one another again. Losing the chance of one's young life to "make a big reputation" comes very hard. Yet, looking back twenty-odd years, it does not seem as if the reputations won in the criminal courts often lead to high forensic triumph in other tribunals.

The District Attorney who does not hew close to the line of single minded duty lays up unending trouble for himself. He is lost and forever damned if he regards his office as a mere opportunity by which to rise to higher things, either on the stepping stone of his own dead self or of some unfortunate accused of crime. This is why so many favorite sons who have had enthusiastic support at the beginning of their terms of office have failed in the end to satisfy the requirements of a shrewd and discerning public.

A newly elected District Attorney has everything his own way; he is (officially at least) on the side of the angels; we know that he has at best a hard row to hoe and that a man cannot be in twenty places at once, and if he speak us fair we naturally give him the benefit of any doubt and wish him godspeed. Yet there is sometimes a danger of his utilizing the very magnitude and multiplicity of his duties as an excuse for doing little or nothing. Many years ago the fact that the District Attorney was himself engaged in the trial of important cases rendered it necessary to create the unofficial office of "Acting District Attorney" in order that some one of his assistants might perform in his temporary absence those less conspicuous duties which in the aggregate really constitute the bulk of his public service.

As time went on, the "acting" District Attorney upstairs seems occasionally to have rendered the District Attorney "acting" downstairs immune from the ordinary labors of his office, even when he was neither downstairs nor acting. The ancient Aztecs are said to have so ordered their judicial arrangements that their judges sat in a great room where all who called to converse or consult with them might be seen. Thus also it could be observed where they were themselves as well. Sometimes it is hard to find out whether a District Attorney is up town, down town, actually behind his mysteriously closed oak door, or (with Mr. Jones or Smith "acting" as a stalking horse in the office opposite) has "beaten it" to French Lick, Palm Beach or Saratoga.

## Dunsany in Verse

**J**UST after completing his recently published novel, "Don Rodriguez," Lord Dunsany vanished into the wilds of the Sahara on one of his frequent hunting trips. From the desert he wrote to George Palmer Putnam of his American publishing house describing in some detail the experiences of his outing and inclosing the following poem:

As blue as sapphire rocky Ksoom  
Is melting in a rosy sky:  
Hills I've imagined had no gloom  
More grand than this one seen with eye.

Westward of Djebel Hamra sink  
The rays, and all Sahara's blue  
Bursts into little waves of pink,  
That fade as dreams at morning do.

And cliffs unseen before shine steep  
On the horizon bright and long  
As cities only seen in sleep  
And only spoken of in song.

Like sparks these glories I have known  
Shall flash, though faintly, from my pen.  
What was not given for me alone  
Shall shine years hence for many men.